## The Human Electrical Forces

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as nerve fluid may be termed, is an espezially attractive department of science, as it

zially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and coaveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitally necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, slungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

Physicians generally

Physicians generally fall to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the Sequently weatened:
Physicians generally fail to recognize, the importance of this fact, but treat the organitaeif instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., Li. B., nas given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his offerts. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, is prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success incuring these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the land.

Restorative Nervine cures alsepiessness, nervous prostration, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is free from oplates or dangerous drugs. It is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid.

Sold by all druggists

Sold by all druggists

## THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. EVANGELICAL.—Church 16:30 a. m., 7 p. m Sunday School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. Bev. Green Pas-tor

tor.
SBYTERIAN.—Church10:30 a. m., 7 p.m.
Sunday School 12 fm., Prayer Meeting,
Thursday, 7 p.m. Rev. M. L. DONAUEY, Pas-

tor.
T. AUGUSTINE.—Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespors 3 p. m. Rav.M. Pustz, Pastor.
METHODIST.—Churchio:30 a. m., 7 p. m., 8abuath Schools; 16 a. m., Young People's Meeting 6:00 p. m., Epworth League Meeting,
Wadnesday, 7 p. m., Prayer Meeting Thuveday,
7 p. m. Rav. I. N. Kain, Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., (or 10 a. m., as announced previous Sunday) Sun-day School? a. m. Rev. W. L. Fisher, Pastor. JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10a. m. Rev. W. L. Fueren, Pastor., EMANGLA'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m., Sunday School 10a. m. Rev. L. Dammonn

Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Church10 a.m., Rev. L. Dammons, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every week, 10:30 a.m. and in the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m. Rev. I. D. Ingle, Pastor.

UNITED BRETH REN.—McClure; church 10 a.m., every other and ay, beginning January 18, 1891. Subbathschool 9:50 a.m. Prayer meeting Thursdays.7 p.m Ray. John Shellen, Pas-

## COUNTY RECORD

COUNTY OFFICERS.	
Clerk	Judge J. M. Sheet D. C. Brow J. V. Ouf OCTION F. Riggs E. E. Decke J. H. Ros J. C. Gro J. W. Hann W. O. Hudge
Coroner	and the second s
Commissioners	D. T. Bur Mat Reise Levi Kin
	tors
School Examin	ners W. M. War Mrs. Sue Welstea P. C. Schwa
	August Hirselan

School Board Examiners

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO BARTLOW TOWNSHIP.

DAMASCUS TOWNSHIP W. C. Johnson......McClure FLATROCK TOWNSHIP. FREEDOM TOWNSHIP. Henry Gehrett ...... Napoleon Charles Yarnell ...... HARRISON TOWNSHIP H. E. Hall ..... LIBERTY TOWNSHIP. Lewis A. Beilharz ..... Liberty Center
J. A. Coleman ....... MARION TOWNSHIP. MONROE TOWNSHIP. NAPOLEON TOWNSHIP. 

TOWNSHIP CLERKS.

PLEASANT TOWNSHIP.

RICHFIELD TOWNSHIP.

RIDGEVILLE TOWNSHIP.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Wolf .....Ridgeville Corners

Fast.

Clerk.
C.R. Stafford.
R. E. Croniger
D. G. Durbin
Henry Eggers.
I. M. Click Township. Bartlow .... ....Liberty Center Hamler E. Pennock ... Liberty Center
G. F. Hayes ... Hamler
L. M. Grove ... Napoleon
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Trade your old home and program hard lot in the East for a Red hard lot in the East for a feet River Valley farm, where in a few years you gain a competence, which in your old age will be a sure



CHAPTER XVII.

MISS MAXEY TRIES AGAIN. The next morning two.letters passed by messenger between Ballavoine place and Dr. Eustace Lamar's office. Here they are in the order of their transmis-

My DEAR FRIEND-I have a request to make to you which you may think strange and ex-traordinary—the more so, perhaps, because I cannot explain to you now the reasons why I make it. I do not know that you will feel justi-fied in giving me the information that I desire to ask, but I can only tell you that whether you grant or refuse it it shall be a matter entriely between ourselves. Nobody shall over know that you have told me, not even my brother. In excuse for this very bold letter I can only plead the interest I have in the wel-fare and happiness of those very near and dear to me. I am sure Dr. Lamar will not think that it is any girlish whim on my part that leads me so to presume upon the brotherly in-terest he has always shown toward me. If you could tell me the name of that lawyer of whom you spoke last night, it would aid me greatly in an almost hopeless fight I have undertaken. That is all. Neither Julian nor Annette is in my confidence in this matter. I do this on my own individual responsibility, without the knowledge of anybody in the wide world. How is Mrs. Forsythe this morning? I trust she has fully recovered from her indisposition of last evening. Your true friend, ELLEN MAXEV.

To Dr. Eustace Lamar. MY DEAR MISS MAKEY-I reply to your re-MY DEAR MISS MAXET—I reply to your request without an instant's hesitation. The name of the law yer is Frederick Bornstein, and his office is at 90 Park row. I know that you will respect this confidence. All that I wish will respect this confidence. All that I wish Fostelle Forsythe, on Livingston street." to caution you against is your own enthusiasm. Pray do nothing rash, my dear Miss Maxey. I trust you will always look upon me as your friend, and that you will not hesitate at any time to ask me anything that is in my power to grant. Rest assured I shall do it. Mrs. For-sythe is quite iii. She desires me to apologize for her wild words last night. She says that she was suffering excruciating pain all the evening and said what she did in a delirium brought on by too great and continuous self restraint. She will convey her apology in person when she is sufficiently recovered

now, as always, EUSTACE LAMAR. In the afternoon of the same day in which Miss Maxey received this answer she donned her street garments and went

out. She walked directly to Park row, and in response to her inquiries was shown into the presence of a little gray haired in an inner room opening off the main office.

"Mr. Bornstein," said Ellen, coming to business without delay, "I must throw myself upon your mercy. I mean to say that my visit to you is strictly private. It is not known even to my nearest relatives. "

"Give yourself no uneasiness, miss," said the old gentleman, shutting the door very carefully. "Listening to confidences is a part of my trade. These walls have no ears."

"I must first introduce myself to you, sir. I am Miss Ellen Maxey. My broth er, Mr. Julian Maxey, is an artist and lives at 20 Ballavoine place. "I am very pleased to know Miss

Maxey. Pray, do not stand. Seat yourseat vourself, Miss Maxey." The polite old gentleman dusted a chair with great diligence and drew it invitingly into the middle of the floor

beside the green covered table. Ellen sat down, and the lawver fol lowed her example by taking a seat in his office chair on the other side of the

"Now, my dear young lady," he chirped in a cheerful little voice, "don't be at all afraid to free your mind to me. Say whatever is in your heart to say, and say it as though you were talking to your most confidential friend." Thus encouraged, Miss Maxey began

at once. "I am not sure, sir, that you will not be inclined to think me insane before I have done. I have no advice to ask, no suspicions to communicate. I have simply come here to tell you some facts which have come under my own personal observation, because I believe there is at least a possibility that they may be of great interest to you. If not, I shall have done my duty and have freed my conscience.

The lawver looked at her with a bland smile and inclined his head encouragingly

"I have only one request to make," Miss Maxey went on, "and that is that you will never tell anybody, whatever the result of this interview may be, that came here to see you."

The polite lawyer assured her again that her confidence should be respected. "Then." said Ellen. "I will begin at once with what I came to say. Do you remember the sensation in the papers last

was found caught on a point of rock beneath Somerset sea road?" "Seems to me I do recollect seeing the headlines. I am very sure I did not

read the articles." "Briefly, sir, it was this: We found the poor child caught on a point of rock below the road, in front of the hotel at Somerset, and brought her home with us-my brother and myself. Her mind was gone, but an operation restored her, and she is now my brother's wife. But that does not matter. All that I thought might possibly interest you is this: There was, there must have been, some conspiracy to kill her for some unknown motive. She had been brought up by a most extraordinary man named Leander Dye, who made no pretense of being her father, but who told us he did not know

her parentage." "Leander Dye, eh? Allow me to inquire, Miss Maxey, if he is a shabby genteel individual, who looked as though he were continually recovering from a debauch?"

"You could not have described him etter, Mr. Bornstein," "I know him then. Don't let me in-

errupt you. "Perhaps the fact that I am going to tell you, and which I came particularly to tell you, is known to you already through the papers. This poor girl with-out a name had by some accident been deprived of one of the toes of her left

"The devil you say!" cried the little old gentleman, immoing up in a state Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

of great excitement. He recovered himself almost immediately. thousand pardons, Miss Maxey. Pray, excuse any roughness which you may have observed in my language. The truth is, you startled me when I was thinking of something else. I do occasionally get to dreaming, you know. Can't help it—old habit of mine. And something you said brought me back to the reality too suddenly. What were you saying? Something about an accident? Pray go on. Don't mind me. Pray go on."

The lawyer again seated himself, but he no longer directly faced Miss Maxey, and he shaded his face with his hand. "There is no need, sir," resumed the artist's sister, "of my entering into details until I learn whether all this has any interest for you. I will go on at once to another fact, and one which I now acknowledge for the first time. My brother having been persuaded to give up an investigation into Mr. Dye's strange relations with the girl be had

myself to look into the matter as well as I could. One afternoon some weeks ago I availed myself of a good opportunity to do the very unladylike thing

brought up as his child, I took it upon

"Ah!" The lawyer did not say more but he uttered this ejaculation in a short, dry, significant manner, as if he meant to say, "I thought as much!" He fixed his bright eyes keenly on Miss Maxey's

Ellen thought she detected distrust and suspicion in his glance.

"Yes, Mr. Bornstein, he remained in that house for some hours. When he came out, I went in. I was mistaken by the servant for a female physician and conducted at once to a chamber on the second floor. There I found Mrs. For-



"The devil you say!"

bythe and a young girl about 20 years old, who looked enough like her to be her own child. This same girl I had reviously seen driving out with Mrs. Forsythe that very afternoon. She was now lying on a bed under the influence of ether. From what I saw I judged that her feet were bare, and there were spots of blood on the sheets that covered them. There was a redhot curling iron in some coals and the smell of scorched flesh in the room."

The lawyer suddenly removed the hand with which he had been shading his face and struck his closed fist forcibly on the table:

"Stop, stop!" he cried in a little, sharp voice, very unlike his former urbane tones. "I'm a plain man, Miss Maxey, and an old lawyer. State your claim in plain words, plain words, Miss Maxey. I have dealt with some hundreds of similar cases in the last 14 years, and I feel entirely competent to deal with this one. This beating about in length and more than 2 inches in the bush may do with a younger man, but it will not do with me. Tell me at once, frankly and fairly, what are your claims? That's the best way-much the best way. What are you after? What do you know about the Forsythe case? What is your attitude and the attitude of those whom you represent?"

Miss Maxey returned the keen gaze of the little twinkling eyes, which accompanied the delivery of this speech, with a look of astonishment and utter mystification.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Bornstein," she said, "you have forgotten what I said to you when I came here—that I know nothing whatever of this matter except the facts that I have told you. I an very sure that I never in all my life heard of the Forsythe case."

December about the nameless girl who The old gentleman looked at her nonplused, but still incredulous. "Oh, come now, come," he said in a

milder tone, "that's impossible, Miss Maxey. That's quite impossible!" "Very well, then," Ellen replied uietly. "Then the impossible is for quietly. once the truth. I have told you all that

I know. "Then why should you come here?" "I will tell you, sir. Almost every day since I saw that, to me, inexplicable scene in Mrs. Forsythe's chamber I have been trying to invent some theory to account for it. Last night I heardnever mind what, for I cannot tell you that without betraying a confidence. But I heard-something which seemed a possible explanation, and as your name was mentioned in connection with the mysterious affair I came to you."

"In other words, somebody told you about the new claim set up by Miss Stevenson?" "No, sir. I never heard that name

before. My information had reference only to a left foot and missing toe." A light seemed to dawn upon the lawyer's mind.

"Oh, I see. Some doctor has talked. Very well; very well. That may be; that may be. I may have to apologize to you, Miss Maxey, for my rudeness, but if you knew how I have been bothered and worried over this interminable affair you wouldn't wonder. I certainly shall avail myself of your information. I certainly shall examine into it,

and in the meantime desnite the unfor-Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

tunaté improbability which it bears on its face, do my best, for the sake of your ladylike ways and honest appearance, to believe what you have told me. Now, surely, that is honest and candid and fair, Miss Maxey. This is treating you

candidly, isn't it?" Miss Maxey reddened. "I certainly cannot blame you for

your suspicions," she said. "Never mind," said the old gentleman, who had been watching her keen-"I will not wait for time to set you right. I will commit myself now, apologize at once, place implicit confidence in your story and invite you to a ride in my carriage. Will you go?"

"Go!" echoed Miss Maxey in bewilderment. "I do not understand you. Where would you take me?" "I would take you to call on Miss Stevenson, for the purpose of seeing whether you can identify her."

"But who is Miss Stevenson?" "Never mind that. You will know her if you have seen her before; if not, not. Will you go?"

"I will go." The lawyer stepped into the adjoining room and spoke to an office boy. In 10 minutes a carriage was at the door. Miss Maxey was driven by the gray haired old gentleman to a respectable nouse in a quiet street. She followed him up the stairs to the second story.

There, in a cheerful room, seated in an easy chair, her feet upon an ottoman, reading a novel, was the pretty girl whom Miss Maxey had first seen in the carriage with Mrs. Forsythe the afternoon she had followed the somber Dye. "Well," chirped the lawyer when they were in the carriage once more,

"yes or no. Do you know her?" "She is the same girl whom I saw on the bed in Mrs. Forsythe's room,' The old gentleman turned his head for the evident purpose of concealing

the telltale expression of his face. "Shall I drive you to your door, Miss Maxey? No? I will set you down at the head of the street then. It will be safer perhaps. Don't thank me, Miss Maxey. The obligation is overwhelmingly on my side. Rest assured that you shall

hear from me more to the point before many days have passed." A week later Miss Maxey received

this letter:

My DEAR MISS MAXEY-Yours of the twentieth received. I have carefully examined the memoranda of the events in Ballavoine place, which you left for me yesterday afternoon, and I am sorry to say I do not see my way at all clear in this matter. I am afraid we have before us a very serious task. So far as the Stevenson case is concerned, I do not think I shall have a great deal of difficulty, with your aid, to prevent it being brought into court. But there it drops. As for clearing up the mystery of the sea read, the more I examine into it the less satisfactory the theory that I broached to you seems to me. I can see no way out of this labyrinth, except by the most vio-lent and extreme measures. The failure of the one person who, if my theory were correct, would profit by the removal of the victim of that dastardly affair to set up the claim which he could so easily render valid is the great and insurmountable stumbling block. Can we ar-rest Mr. Dye, Miss Stevenson and Mrs. For-sythe on any such filmsy evidence of conspiracy is we possess? Most certainly not, though we night possibly frighten them effectually, as you aggested. But I, who know more of the Forsythe case than you do, tell you frankly that I eriously doubt whether any one of those three persons is directly concerned in the matter hat interests you, and it is entirely possible that it is absolutely unknown to them. Therefore I write this letter to caution you to be su-porlatively discreet and careful not to say a word to anybody which might betray our sus-pictons in this matter. Our only way is to wait patiently and watch closely. But I want to say patiently and watch closely. But I want to say to you, as I said to you before, that there is one person who without a doubt holds the key of the whole mystery in her hands. I mean your sister-in-law. I do not know enough about the medical part of the case to know whether I do not murmur against the inevitable, but it does seem as if all that stood between us and a most vivid ray of light is her tween us and a most vivid ray of light is her

rate, it would do no harm to try. Question her cautiously, but carefully. I will write again in a few days. Your very obedient servant, FREDERICK BORNSTEIN. "Alas!" sighed Miss Maxey. "Alas,

lack of memory of events during her sickness in your house. Is it not possible to stimulate her recollection of that night when the strange

assault on yourself occurred, so that we may

at least know who was in the room? At any

he asks for the impossible!' [CONTINUED.]

THE TOUCAN.

A Queer South American Bird With an Extraordinarily Large Bill. A queer kind is the toucan. It seems to have been made expressly to take charge of its huge banana shaped beak. which, in some species, is fully 7 inches width-entirely out of proportion to its comparatively small body. This beak is the most brilliant possession of the toucan, being orange and black, scarlet and yellow or green and red, according

to the species of the bird. Its home is in the wild South American woods, where, mingled with the screaming of parrots, macaws and other tropical birds, is heard its monotonous cry, "Tucano, tucano!" from which its name is probably derived. It is a fruit eater, and climbing among the branches it gathers its food with its long beak, whose strength no stem can

The toucan nests in trees, and it is uncertain whether it excavates its burrow or builds in a natural cavity. Nothing more comical can be imagined than the head of this creature, with its sparkling eyes and enormous, gayly colored beak, appearing from a hollow in the trunk of some forest monarch. It is said that the young birds are subject to the attacks of monkeys and birds of prey, and that when the parent bird is alarmed all she has to do is to poke her head out of the aperture leading to the nest. The assailant, seeing so huge a bill, fancies an animal of corresponding size behind it and leaves, without bow

ing or saying farewell. Toucans are sociable birds and go in large flocks. They make common cause against their enemies, such as owls and falcons, which they surround and mob, as the rooks do in England. Having thus no need for protection, they are noisy and clamorous, like parrots and monkeys.

The plumage is generally black, but the throat is white, tinged with yellow and commonly edged beneath with red. The tail is nearly square or moderately rounded, with the upper feathers red and the lower scarlet. Alternations of the brighter colors are displayed in the feathers of the throat, the breast and the tail.

The bird is kept easily in confine ment, and no doubt from early times many were brought alive to Europe. Some of its brilliant tints are very fleeting, and they often leave little or no trace after death, so that little idea of its beauty can be obtained from a stuffed specimen.—Philadelphia Times.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

IT WAS WONDERFUL LUCK. Smelter Man Who Won Out Over \$1,000

on a \$2 Stake. "The most wonderful run of luck I ever saw a man have was in the Combination at Butte, Mon.," remarked

Phil Cusick of Billings to a party of gentlemen who were discussing games of chance.

"An employee at the Boston and Monana smelter came in, and, holding up \$2 bill, announced that he had a big note to meet in Jim Murray's bank and was going to win it out. He said that it was for \$888.88, and he was going to play the eight spot at fare and nothing else. He seemed to be well known, and everybody smiled. He put a copper or his \$3 bill and placed it on the eight spot. It lost on the turn. He let the \$4 stay, and again the eight lost. He knocked the copper off, and the eight won. He put it back, and it lost.

"Mind you, this was the result of four successive turns in the deal. The player let his \$32 remain on the dead

"'Ain't you afraid somebody'll cinch that for a sleeper?' inquired the dealer jocularly.

" 'Not much!' was the reply. 'And I ain't going to touch it till you make me draw down or I win what I want. "The dealer looked at him, thought of the chances of splits, I suppose, and quietly remarked, 'That goes.' "The very first turn on the next deal

the man coppered the \$32, and the eight lost. He didn't take the button off, and the eight lost out. Mister man had \$512 on the card. The dealer got up, and another took his place. The man never turned a hair and was as cool as cucumber.

"When the cards were put in the box, every one expected to see him knock the copper off. He didn't touch it. The top card was a king. The dealer's fingers trembled as he pushed it out, and you may break me if the eight of hearts wasn't right under it. " 'I'll go over and pay that note

now,' said the smelter man, and he rolled up \$1,024 in a big wad. " 'Pretty good winning on a \$2 stake ain't it?' he remarked as he went out I was told that his name was Bob Rev nolds."-Chicago Times.

Dr. Hand's Colic Cure in Ohio.

CEDARVILLE, O., May 4th, 1893. I heartily recommend forever Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. My baby had colic so bad I was almost worn out. A lady friend told me of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. 1 bought a 25c bottle and both baby and my self now have sweet and refreshing sleep. also find Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic o great benefit to myself and child.

Respectfully yours, MRS GEO. BOYD. Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children, 25c For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleov.

THE ARAB AND THE JEW. An Oriental Critic's View of Two of the Weekly Papers of New York.

A Jewish professor who is versed in the oriental languages looked over two weekly papers printed in this city, one of them in the Hebrew language, with Hebrew characters, and the other in the Arabic language, with Arabic characters. "Look," he said as he placed the two pretty sheets together, "at the peculiarities of the type used in them. Take notice of the power, breadth, depth, rectangularity and solidarity of the Hebrew type. Take notice of the Saracenic delicacy, the ornateness, the subtlety, ingenuity and curvedness of the Arabic type.

"The contrast between them is very suggestive. Again, the reader who studies the style of the literary compositions in the two papers will notice that Hebrew thought is broad, strong and upright, like the Hebrew characters, while the Arabic thought is sinuous, tenuous and ornate, as the Arabic characters. The differentiation of the Hebrew from the Arabic, both in the forms of the type and in the expressions of the mind, will strike every critic who places the two papers together, looks at them closely and makes a study of their contents. Yet both the Hebrew and the Arabs belong to the Semitic race and are monotheists. History and circumstances must be taken into account when tracing the characteristic differences between the two branches of the family."-New York Sun.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientionally recommend Chamber lain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts bioyclists, foot ball players and the profesion in general for bruises, sprains and dislo cations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

As Good as a Glass Stopper. If you want a stopper for a bottle of acid or any substance that would nat urally call for a glass stopper, because of the danger that the cork would be eaten up by the contents of the bottle, take the cork and steep it in vaseline. It will then be impervious to acids of

any kind, and no action of chemicals

will decay it. It will, in fact, be as good for all purposes as a glass stopper. The Discovery Saved His Life, Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville Ill., says: To Dr. King's New Discovery owe my life. Was taken with La Gri; pe and tried all the physicians for miles about but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottle was up and about again. It is worth its

weight in gold. We won't keep store or house

without it." Get a free trial bottle at D

J. Humphrey Drug Store, Napoleon, Ohio Ammunition in Africa. "All of the native Uganda soldiers I notice, had well filled cartridge belts round their waists. In my innocence, as I thought of all the thunders of the general act of the Brussels conference and all the ordinances, enactments and regulations which had been published thereafter by different powers having possessions on the African coast, I wondered how, in the very center of Africa these people were enabled to keep their belts so well replenished with cartridges of different and of the most modern

"I had not been a month in the country before I learnd that, for those who had the wherewithal to trade, guns, powder, lead and all the instruments of destruction thereunto appertaining could be as easily purchased in Uganda as in Pall Mall."—"The British Mission in Uganda, 1893," Rennell Roda.

patterns.

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As a remedy for all forms of Headach Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In case of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this m dicine. Try it once Large bottles only Fifty cents at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store Napoleon, Ohio.

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